

## Actus Secunda.

Enter the Princesse of France, with three attending Ladies, and three Lords.

*Boyet.* Now Madam summon vp your dearest spirits, Consider who the King your father sends: To whom he sends, and what's his Embassie. Your selfe, held precious in the worlds esteeme, To parlee with the sole inheritour Of all perfections that a man may owe, Matchlesse *Nauarre*, the plea of no lesse weight Then *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a Queene, Be now as prodigall of all deare grace, As Nature was in making Graces deare, When she did starue the generall world beside, And prodigally gaue them all to you.

*Queen.* Good *L. Boyet*, my beauty though but mean, Needs not the painted flourish of your praise: Beauty is bought by iudgement of the eye, Not vttred by base sale of chapmens tongues: I am lesse proud to heare you tell my worth, Then you much willing to be counted wise, In spending your wit in the praise of mine, But now to taske the tasker, good *Boyet*.

*Prin.* You are not ignorant all-telling fame Dorth noyse abroad *Nauarre* hath made a vow, Till painefull studie shall out-weare three yeares, No woman may approach his silent Court: Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course, Before we enter his forbidden gates, To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe Bold of your worthinesse, we singe you, As our best mouing faire soliciter: Tell him the daughter of the King of France, On serious businesse crauing quicke dispatch, Importunes personall conference with his grace. Hastie, signifie so much while we attend, Like humble visag'd suiters his high will.

*Boy.* Proud of imployment, willingly I goe. *Exit.*  
*Prin.* All pride is willing pride, and yours is so: Who are the Votaries my louing Lords, that are yow-fellows with this vertuous Duke?

*Lor.* *Longanill* is one.

*Prin.* Know you the man?

*1. Lady.* I know him Madam at a marriage feast, Betwene *L. Perigord* and the beaurious heire Of *Iaques Fanconbridge* solemnized. In *Normandie* saw I this *Longanill*, A man of soueraigne parts he is esteem'd: Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes: Nothing becomes him ill that he would well. The onely foyle of his faire vertues glosse, If vertues glosse will staine with any soile, Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will: Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wills, It should none spare that come within his power.

*Prin.* Some merry mocking Lord belike, ist so?

*Lad. 1.* They say so most, that most his humors know.

*Prin.* Such short liu'd wits do wither as they grow.

Who are the rest?

*2. Lad.* The yong *Dumaine*, a well accomplisht youth,

Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued. Most power to doe most harme, least knowing ill: For he hath wit to make an ill shape good, And shape to win grace though she had no wit. I saw him at the Duke *Alanses* once, And much too little of that good I saw, Is my report to his great worthinesse.

*Ross.* Another of these Students at that time, Was there with him, as I haue heard a truth. *Berowne* they call him, but a merrier man, Within the limit of becomming mirth, I neuer spent an houres talke withall. His eye begets occasion for his wit, For euery obiect that the one doth catch, The other turnes to a mirth-mouing iest. Which his faire tongue (conceits expositor) Deliuers in such apt and gracious words, That aged eares play treuant at his tales, And yonger hearings are quite rauished. So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

*Prin.* God blesse my Ladies, are they all in loue? That euery one her owne hath garnished, With such bedecking ornaments of praise.

*Ma.* Heere comes *Boyet*.

Enter *Boyet*.

*Prin.* Now, what admittance Lord?

*Boyet.* *Nauarre* had notice of your faire approach, And he and his competitors in oath, Were all addrest to meere you gentle Lady Before I came: Marrie thus much I haue learnt, He rather meanes to lodge you in the field, Like one that comes heere to besiege his Court, Then seeke a dispensation for his oath: To let you enter his vnpeopled house:

Enter *Nauarre*, *Longanill*, *Dumaine*, and *Berowne*.

Heere comes *Nauarre*.

*Nau.* Faire Princess, welcom to the Court of *Nauarre*.  
*Prin.* Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcom! haue not yet: the rooofe of this Court is too high to bee yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be mine.

*Nau.* You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.

*Prin.* I wil be welcome then, Conduct me thither.

*Nau.* Heare me deare Lady, I haue sworne an oath.

*Prin.* Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'll be forsworne.

*Nau.* Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.

*Prin.* Why, will shall breake it will, and nothing els.

*Nau.* Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is.

*Prin.* Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise, Where now his knowledge must proue ignorance. I heare your grace hath sworne out Honieekeeping: 'Tis deadly sinne to keepe that oath my Lord, And sinne to breake it:

But pardon me, I am too sodaine bold, To teach a Teacher ill becometh me. Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming, And sodainly resolute me in my suite.

*Nau.* Madam, I will if sodainly I may.

*Prin.* You will the sooner that I were away, For you'll proue perur'd if you make me stay.

*Berow.* Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

*Ross.* Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

*Ber. 1*

*Ber.* I know you did, and I know you did not. How needlesse was it then to ask the question?

*Ross.* You must not be so quicke.

*Ross.* 'Tis long of you y' spur me with such questions.

*Ber.* Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

*Ross.* Not till it leaue the Rider in the mire.

*Ber.* What time a day?

*Ross.* The howre that fooles should aske.

*Ber.* Now faire befall your maske.

*Ross.* Faire fall the face it couers.

*Ber.* And send you many louers.

*Ross.* Amen, so you be none.

*Ber.* Nay then will I be gone.

*Kim.* Madame, your father heere doth intimate,

The payment of a hundred thousand Crownes,

Being but th'one halfe, of an intire summe;

Disburled by my father in his warres,

But say that he, or we, as neither haue

Recie'd that summe; yet there remains vnpaid

A hundred thousand more: in surety of the which,

One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to vs,

Although not valued to the moneys worth.

If then the King your father will restore

But that one halfe which is vnstatisfied,

We will giue vp our right in *Aquitaine*,

And hold faire friendship with his Maiestie:

But that it seemes he little purposeth,

For here he doth demand to haue repaie,

An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands

One payment of a hundred thousand Crownes,

To haue his title line in *Aquitaine*.

Which we much rather had depart withall,

And haue the money by our father lent,

Then *Aquitaine*, so guiled as it is.

Deare Princess, were not his requests so farre

From reasons yeelding, your faire selfe should make

A yeelding gainst some reason in my brest,

And goe well satisfied to France againe.

*Prin.* You doe the King my Father too much wrong,

And wrong the reputation of your name,

In so vnseeming to confesse receyt

Of that which hath so faithfully beene paid.

*Kim.* I doe protest I neuer heard of it,

And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe,

Oryeild vp *Aquitaine*.

*Prin.* We arrest your word:

*Boyet*, you can produce acquittances

For such a summe, from speciall Officers,

Of *Charles* his Father.

*Kim.* Satisfie me so.

*Boyet.* So please your Grace, the packet is not come

Where that and other specialties are bound,

To morrow you shall haue a sight of them.

*Kim.* It shall suffice me; at which interview,

All liberall reason would I yeild vnto:

Meane time, receiue such welcome at my hand,

As Honour, without breach of Honour may

Make tender of, to thy true worthinesse.

You may not come faire Princess in my gates,

But heere without you shall be so recei'd;

As you shall deeme your selfe lodg'd in my heart;

Though so deni'd farther harbour in my house: with

Your owne good thoughts excuse me; and farewell,

To morrow we shall visit you againe.

*Prin.* Sweet health & faire desires consoort your grace.

*Kim.* Thy own will with I thee, in euery place. *Exit.*

*Boy.* Lady, I will co

*La. Ro.* Pray you de

I would be glad to see

*Boy.* I would you h

*La. Ro.* Is the soule

*Boy.* Sicke at the he

*La. Ro.* Alacke, let ic

*Boy.* Would that de

*La. Ro.* My Phisicke

*Boy.* Will you prick

*La. Ro.* No point, wi

*Boy.* Now God saue

*La. Ro.* And yours fi

*Ber.* I cannot stay th

Enter

*Dum.* Sir, I pray you

*Boy.* The heire of *A*

*Dum.* A gallant *La*

*Long.* I beseech you

*Boy.* A woman som

*Long.* Perchance light

*Boy.* Shee hath but

To desire that were a sh

*Long.* Pray you sir, v

*Boy.* Her Mothers, I

*Long.* Gods blessing

*Boy.* Good fir be no

Shee is an heyre of *Faul*

*Long.* Nay, my chol

Shee is a most sweet *L*

*Boy.* Not vnlike fir,

Enter

*Ber.* What's her nat

*Boy.* *Katherine* by ge

*Ber.* Is she wedded,

*Boy.* To her will fir,

*Ber.* You are welco

*Boy.* Fare well to m

*La. Ma.* That last is

Not a word with him, b

*Boy.* And euery iest

*Prin.* It was well don

*Boy.* I was as willing

*La. Ma.* Two hot S

And wherefore not S

*Boy.* No Sheepe (sweet

*La.* You Sheep & I

*Boy.* So you grant p

*La.* Not so gentle b

My lips are no Common

*Bo.* Belonging to w

*La.* To my fortunes

*Prin.* Good wits wi

This ciuill warre of wit

On *Nauarre* and his book

*Bo.* If my obseruat

By the hearts still rhet

Deceiue me not now, *L*

*Prin.* With what?

*Bo.* With that whic

*Prin.* Your reason.

*Bo.* Why all his beh

To the court of his eye,

His hart like an Agor w